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HOW TO CARE FOR POULTRY

An Experienced and Successful Poultry Raiser Gives Valuable Pointers to Beginners.

In your August number you asked your readers to write of their methods of caring for poultry, and as I have had some success, will try and help some who have not yet learned by experience how to make poultry pay, writes Mrs. West of Gardena, in Commercial Poultry. I keep from 200 to 400 chickens of all kinds. We live on a ten-acre piece and they have the run of the place. If I want flowers or garden, that is fenced, but never the hens. I have been in California 23 years and have raised thousands of chickens in that time.

SOME PESTS.

Of all the pests to contend with here, the mites are the very worst, for they get a start and take you by storm. But years ago I wondered why I could not scald them as we did bed bugs in the East, and since then I can manage them; but you must not have your roosts nailed to the wall of the hen house, or so a hen can come in contact with the wall, for the mites will leave the chickens in the morning and hide in the hen house during the day and be ready for their work at night. Our roosts are planed two-inch slats, resting on stout saw-horses. I can take them all outside when I go to clean the house and scald them, and if the nest box gets infested with mites, just use acid, and clean with hot water. It will penetrate every crack or nail-hole and is better than any spray or wash that is made and costs only a little work. Go into the house in the early morning and turn over the roosts and see the mites hiding, filled with blood. Some morning I will take a quart of boiling water and go in the hen house and put the rest to sleep for good.

PURE WATER.

One thing that must be looked after is clean, cold drinking water. I use the best granite pans, for I am afraid of rusty tin pans. I keep a whisk broom hanging near the hydrant, and if I fill a pan ten times a day it has to be cleaned with the broom each time. I never give any medicine in drinking water, for the fowls will suffer for water before they will drink water with medicine in it. How would we like to be compelled to drink water with medicine in it when we wanted a drink? Chickens drink more accordingly than do people. If you don't believe it, just watch them. If I have to give medicine, I give it in milk or mash, but never in the water. I have been at places and seen the drinking water for chickens just red with copperas.

A GOOD TONIC.

The only medicine I ever give, and I have not had a drop of that on the place for two years, is Douglas' mixture. It is the best tonic made, but don't give it all the time. Use one pound of copperas to one gallon of hot water, and add one ounce of sulphuric acid. Keep in a stone jug or glass jars and use one teaspoon to a pan of milk or bran mash, and give no more than three times a week.

I never keep geese or ducks with my chickens, for they get the drinking water so filthy, and this is the main cause of disease. I keep oyster shell, also granite, on hand all the time and break up every bit of glass and crockery for the chickens, and don't think it will kill them, as a woman in Los Angeles told me. She said she knew someone had poisoned her hens, for they had broken glass in their gizzards.

All parings of vegetables are washed and boiled and given to the chickens. I keep a pail in the kitchen and all rinsings from the dishes and scraps are put in that, and then with a pinch of salt mixed with bran, it makes a change for the chickens, and they like variety as well as we do. Now they are having a treat every day, for we are having lots of melons and they get their share.

A NICE PROFIT.

This letter is getting rather long, but when I tell you that I have made over \$500 a year on my hens, I think it is worth writing about. This year I expect to make \$800 or \$900. I do my own work and have lots of time to read, and belong to a few societies, and have time to go to the city to a good play or concert. I often wonder when I go in the large stores and see the women and girls standing all day, how much more they could make if they would keep chickens and take care of them. Why, if I wanted a sewing machine or an organ or even a piano, I would just get some hens and make them pay, and if I want ten or fifty dollars, I don't have to beg for it, as some women claim they do. For over three months this spring my hens laid

15 dozen eggs a day, and I was getting 20 cents per dozen at the door.

We always buy our grain by the ton. We raise our own corn, but I feed mostly wheat and Egyptian corn with bran mash occasionally. I never feed blood or meat meal. In the winter I get up early some mornings and make a hot bran mash, and put in a little cayenne pepper, just as you would season your soup, and it is worth the work to hear them sing. I never use the dry mash. I don't think I would like to eat dry brans; in fact, I try to treat my chickens as I would like to be treated. Now, Mr. Editor, I know this is a long letter, but I hope it will encourage more to give better care to their fowls, for there is money in it if you take care of them.—Commercial Poultry.

RECLUSE FIFTY YEARS.

The engineering corps of the Western Pacific has aroused from his slumbers a modern Rip Van Winkle—an old recluse who did not know of the Civil War. "Bill" Brown is his name, and he lives in a lonely cabin in the Sierras, back of Oroville, Cal. Here he made his home in the days before the war, and only once or twice a year has he entered the nearest mining camp for supplies. Without asking any questions as to what the rest of the world was doing he would go back to his hermitage. In running lines for the railway, engineers penetrated his hiding place. For a time he was diffident and refused to talk. At last, however, he began to ask questions. He wanted to know the outcome of the fight between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen Douglas for a seat in the United States Senate. His engineering friends took him to Sacramento to witness the celebration over the opening of the Northern electric road. Rip Van Winkle had slept for twenty years, but "Bill" Brown had been buried for half a century. Everything was changed and new. He refused to take an interest in anything.

"This is too much for me," he said. "Too much noise, too much bustle, too many people."

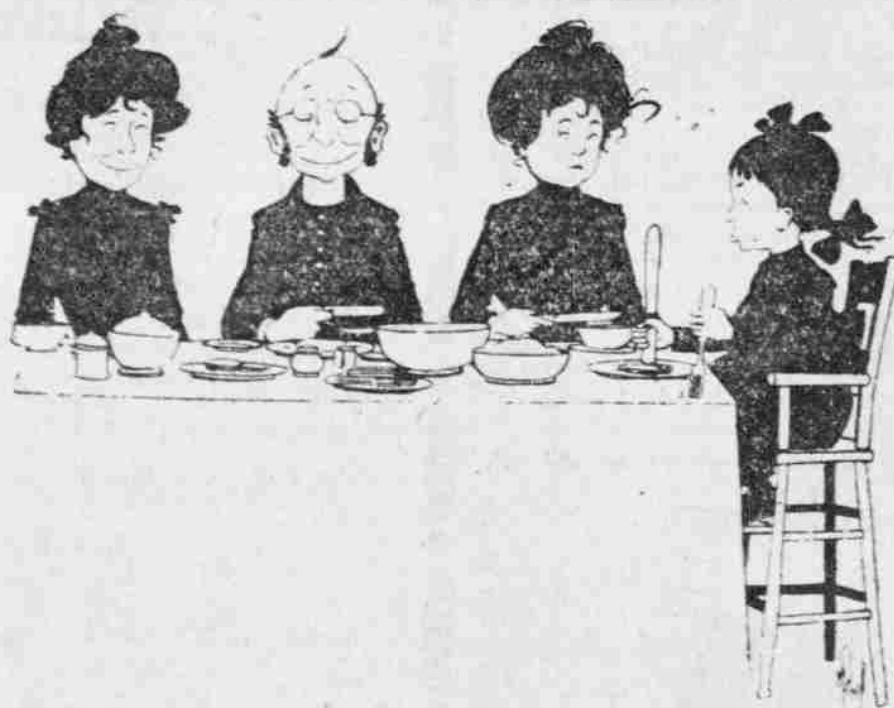
He was astonished at the progress the world had made, but gave a sigh of relief when he was placed on the cars and again headed for the mountain fastnesses of Butte county.

ROYAL PHYSICIAN'S FEE.

A story is told in the Gil Blas of a French nerve specialist having been called in to treat an American visitor. The affection was facial neuralgia, and a cure was effected by electricity. The American expressed himself as much gratified and said that he would send the doctor his fee. Next day the mail brought a check for \$20,000. The medical man, thinking that some error had been made, called at the hotel to make sure, but was met by renewed expressions of gratitude from his patient and assurances that there had been no mistake; and, as if this were not enough, a few days later the doctor received the title deeds of a house not far from the Arc de Triomphe, whose value is put at \$200,000. Whether all these details are true may perhaps be doubted, but the fact remains, according to the papers, that the professional man in question is now setting up in a house of his own in the quarter indicated.

In a New York street a wagon loaded with lamp globes collided with a truck and many of the globes were smashed. Considerable sympathy was felt for the driver, as he gazed ruefully at the shattered fragments. A benevolent-looking old gentleman eyed him compassionately. "My poor man," he said, "I suppose you will have to make good this loss out of your own pocket?" "Yep," was the melancholy reply. "Well, well," said the philanthropic old gentleman, "hold out your hat—here's a quarter for you, and I dare say some of these other people will give you a helping hand, too." The driver held out his hat and several persons hastened to drop coins in it. At last, when the contributors had ceased, he emptied the contents of his hat into his pocket. Then, pointing to the retreating figure of the philanthropist who had started the collection, he observed: "Say, maybe he ain't the wise guy! That's me boss!"

"Doctor," said the stranger, as he entered the consultation room, "I don't know what the trouble is, but I can't sleep at night." "Um—yes," rejoined the M. D. "What is your occupation?" "I'm an ice dealer," replied the other. "Pardon me," replied the pill compiler, "but you should consult a minister. I can't undertake to relieve your conscience."—Chicago News.

**A QUESTION AS TO GOOD FORM.**

Auntie.—It isn't good form to hold your fork in that way.
Little Niece.—Auntie, do you think it is good form to stare at people while they are eating?

—From the Recollections of Mrs. Minnie E. Leo.

How I Restore Nerve Force

Every organ of your body is governed by a network of nerve wires. These nerves convey the power which runs the human machine. This power is called nerve force. Nerve force is nothing but electricity. The reason any organ becomes weak is because the nerves which control it lack electricity, or nerve force, the motive power of your body. This lack of nerve force is shown by weakness of any kind, whether in the stomach, liver, kidneys, heart or other organs.

If your memory is poor, confidence and nerve all gone; sleep restless; if you suffer frequent headaches and your eyes are dull and heavy, it shows that your supply of nerve force is depleted.

So many men try to build up nerve force by dosing their stomachs with drugs. It is impossible. What the nerves require is nourishment—nerve food. If there was any nourishment in drugs, they might do some good, but you know there is not. Drugs are drugs, stimulants, narcotics, antidotes, poisons, not food. Electricity is nerve food—nerve life. It soaks into your nerves and is taken up by them just as a sponge absorbs water. It nourishes and vitalizes the parts which drugs cannot reach.

Every dose of drugs that you put into your stomach weakens your nerves. Every time you kill a pain or an ache—by stupefying the nerves with poisonous drugs, you are hurting them, and any one can see that in time, by steady dosing, your nervous system will be completely broken down.

Electro-Vigor is a relief from the old system of drugging. It does by natural means what you expect drugs to do by unnatural means. It gives back to the nerves and organs the power they have lost, which is their life.

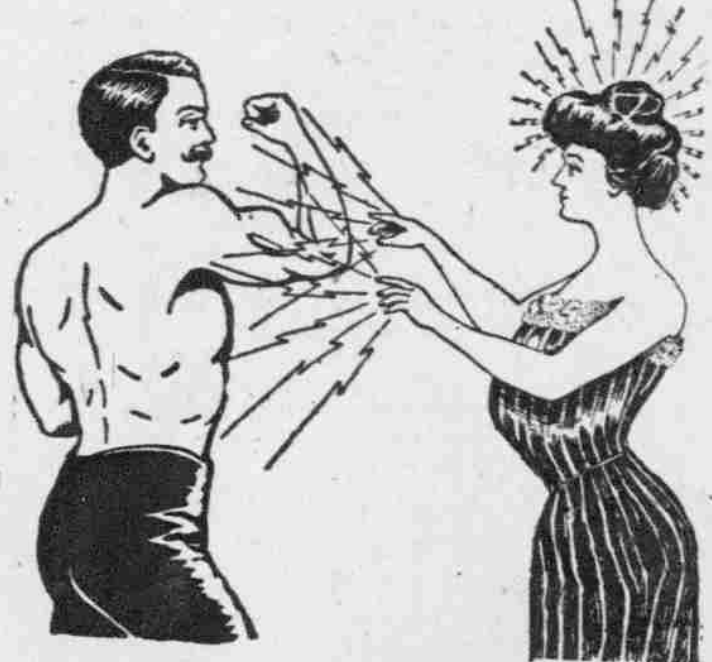
Electro-Vigor is not an electric belt. It is a dry cell body battery, and makes its own power. It is easily, comfortably worn next to the body during the night and gives out a continuous stream of that strength-

building, nerve-feeding force which is the basis of all health.

My digestion has greatly improved under the use of Electro-Vigor and I can eat almost anything without distress. My circulation has improved and I am sure my strength is greater.

REV. JNO. T. GULICK.

Honolulu, T. H.



When I came to you I was in a very distressing condition. A continual drain has debilitated my system, and as invariably happens, the nervous system broke down also. To a man in such a condition life is nothing but a burden.

I am happy to say that I am now perfectly healthy and full of energy, all through the use of Electro-Vigor.

WM. ROCKEFELLER, La Moine, Cal.

Every sufferer should try Electro-Vigor. It is far cheaper than a course of drugging.

I GIVE IT FREE

Get my 100-page book describing Electro-Vigor and with illustrations of fully developed men and women showing how it is applied.

This book tells in plain language many things you want to know and gives a lot of good, wholesome advice for men.

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Christmas Dinner

French Roast Chicken in Jelly.

R. R. Boned Chicken and Turkey

Fresh Cranberries.

Boned Ham.

Roast Pigeon.

R. R. Plum Pudding, 1, 2, 3 and 4 lbs. Tins.

Atmore's Mincemeat in 3 and 5 lb. Jars.

None Such Mincemeat in Pkgs.

Boiled Cider.

Cranberry Sauce.

Marrons in Brandy.

Marrons in Vanilla Syrup

G. & D. Spiced Currants.

G. & D. Spiced Gooseberries.

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1/4 lb. to 5 lbs. Boxes.

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To gouge and bite
And football battles wage.
They rip and cuss,
But as for us,
We've reached a higher stage.

A woman who belonged to an ancient but penniless family married a rich plebeian, but she never forgot the misalliance nor allowed any one else to do so. One day, attended by a servant, she went into a store and gave an order "And where shall I send it, madame?" said the shopkeeper. "Jean," said the woman, turning to her servant, "tell the man your master's name. I never can remember it."

"Did you hear about the defacement of Skinner's tombstone?" "No. What was it?" "Some one added the word 'friends' to the epitaph." "What was the epitaph?" "He did his best."—The Review.

IF YOU contemplate having something choice for your Christmas dinner your cannot do better than order from us. Meats and Poultry and Delicatessen.

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